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Maria Weston Chapman



to Elizabeth Pease

Boston July 17th 1845

My dear Lucia,

Receive our warm-
est acknowledgments for the
causes taken for all your
beautiful collections & kind
thought of us. The Mites I thank
you for especially; for to think
of me individually, whom you
have never seen, & who am
so constantly hard pressed with
business, that, whatever I may
feel, I have no leisure for the
expression, and am obliged
to deny myself for the
most part all that epistolary
effusion of heart which rises
up, unable to get expression,
every time I think of

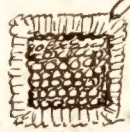
therefore I shall not write you

you. The autographs — I must
mention these, for they
pertain to business. We de-
sire, just I trust, a pretty
little revenue from these.
Done up with such exquisite mat-
ter, they draw like a prima
Donna. The Lulu of manuscript
bought us \$5.00 — the John
Newton \$10.00. The living
Loras at the rate of a dollar
each on an average — some
more, some less. The Carlyles
& the Howells, half a dollar
each. The most valuable remain
to be "worked off" as Perkins says, in
the course of the year. The Shovels
& Scarfs went well. We held
them at a third higher prices
than you had marked them at.
Every thing in the shape of
drawings or writing, materials
went like dew before the morning;

The Table - border you will see
the whole story of in the Liberator.
It produced a great sensation.
We had no idea of publication
but it would have been decidedly
wrong to disappoint so much
feeling as arose among the
abolitionists (the world too)
upon the occasion. So I
wrote to Mrs Lollan to know if
I might insert her letter in
the account of the Fair. She
replied - "I have a strong sym-
pathy with the Lady who said she
preferred never to see her name
in print but on her gravestone"
& yet you see how I have over-
come that, by having it on
the covers of books. So if any
thing I have written will warm
any heart to the cause, in the
name of all good things, let it
go, & do what it can. I wrote
those words with tears in my
eyes. I shall not write your

eyes, so I might be foolishly
tender of them, & unwilling
they should be printed. You
shall judge." So I judged, & incorpor-
ated them into the history of the
fair. How much you would like
Mrs. Follen! When my dear
Henry said, her sympathy
met me like a comforting
Angel. I had known her
many years, & loved &
valued her most truly: but
then I more than ever admired
the depth & tenderness & energy
of her nature. These are, singly
rare things, but rarer in the
union. Have you read her
life of her husband? it is perfect
I think in its execution. She
should not be judged homely as
a writer, but she should be heard.
She it is whom Abby speaks
of as so eloquent: & so she is -

wonderfully so. It was with
himself & her husband, that he
spent the evening." Such as he
could hope to pass in this
world." The Drawings of Luthans
& of H. Martineau's Rooms, were
run after beyond all account.



All your flower stands or mats,
these pretty little things, I
mean, all sold well.

I delivered the articles to Rogers
with my own hands. He is all
your fellow & what is worse
has made a mistake in conduct,
which will probably torment him
a good while. I grieve for him.

The picture of Melrose did not
sell at the fair, but I have
various plans in view for it
so that I trust to give you a good
account of it in a short time.

I send you a Liberty Bell
for your newspaper in which
therefore I shall not write your

name. Wendell & Ann
will make "the presentation
copy" acceptable to you, by
sending it from themselves
at my request. They generously
wished me to have the pleasure
& the honour, but I deemed to
be outdone in disinterestedness.

I send you one of our Boston
Female Society's reports - the last
one - the fruit of a rainy Sunday.
How I grudge writing it! How
I wished the B.F. would modestly
dispense with a report. How I
longed to save myself labour by
cutting it up into 'n a dozen suffi-
cient rationals for the Standard
but I did not dare not to discharge
my duty to the Old Amazon
as E. Quincy always persists in
calling the F. Soc. & the report
bears the marks of having been
written in the twinkling of
an eye for want of time.

"What can you have to do
so constantly?" methinks you must

Say; since what we do makes
no more show than the ditches
 dug in the wars of Flanders
 & Flanders. Will one in the
 last one though, as the prince
 of Orange said; & abundance of
 them we have to dig.

GARRISON
MSS.

I would gladly tell you news
 if there were any. The whole
 ^{in this region & Florida in South Carolina}
 land is in a great stir about the
 expulsion of our protesters of free soil's
 citizens there. There is to be a great
 state convention got up by the
 people at large - not the abolition
ists, in a few days. It will be
 like the ascent of the King of
 France who one some occasion
 was said to have "taken ten thousand men
 marched up a hill & then marched down
 again."
 They are not ready to take any
 measure step. Must have a few
 more anti slavery lectures first.
 Dr. Farnsworth has just left us
 for Washington. He wants to see
 what the politicians are about.

Thaddeus Parker is on the end
of being expelled from the
Unitarian Association here, for
heresy. "Why he don't believe
in the Miracles!" And these
are they who wear the Mantle
of Purity, who deny the divinity
of Christ. It reminds me of an irreverent
comparison that might
be made. As I don't mean it
irreverently you need not mention
it to anybody that will think
it so meant. A man had his
coat stolen. He never took the
trouble to lock his hall door when
he went out after, for sure he
after the coat is gone, it is
not worth while to care for the
waistcoat. I think the body
that denies the Godhead of
the Son, need not scruple
at the Miracles or any thing
else.]

I forgot to tell you our receipts at
the Fair 2900 dollars! enough to
keep our heads above water yet a

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another hour. & so we hang
on with all the energy of that
despair which is so much stronger
than hope. The German Rebel
was right;— Where no human
hope seems to be, the spirits rise
powerfully high as if to assert
the supremacy of Spirit. To me
then looks as nothing;— the past
seems not to have departed; the
future seems at present to be; &
the soul seems to have ~~now~~ ^{now} an
everlasting now. Only be
faithful, & truth's high power
shall never fail to

" Bear up her Martyrs

[with all-conquering song!]

With the sincerest regard

I am ever your
funda affectionately
J. M. Chapman.

39 Summer Street

